

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1997 • \$5.95

**BRETT
FAVRE**

**ONE BAD
CAJUN**

**TERRY
NICHOLS
STORY**

**"I BACKED
OUT ON
THE BOMB"**

**FRANKY
PANKY**

**THE WOMAN
WHO SACKED
KATHIE LEE'S
HUBBY**

**SUZEN
JOHNSON**

**SEX
IN THE
FORTIES**

**PATRIOTISM
AND PROMISCUITY**





"I miss the old-fashioned Thanksgivings!"





four years of flirting and finally they wind up in a hotel room together. who's gonna know?
yeah, right

TABLOID TEMPTRESS

We live in a tabloid world, and this is a story made in tabloid heaven.

They met on a plane: Kathie Lee Gifford's picture-perfect husband, Frank, and Suzen Johnson, now 47, a Floridian who was once captain of her cheerleading squad. It was October 1993 and Suzen was working as a flight attendant for TWA—though on that day she traveled as a passenger on the flight to Fort Lauderdale. Suzen sets the scene: "I was the last person on the flight and I was trying to put away my luggage. Some of the people who were working the flight knew me, and they were, you know, 'Hello, Suzen,' 'How nice to see you, Suzen.' Frank Gifford stood up, held out his hand and said, 'Hi, I'm Frank, and you are as pretty as my wife.'"

They started talking, and Frank told Suzen he was going to Florida to interview Don Shula. But he seemed more interested in interviewing her. He was fascinated to hear about her primary job as a hotel consultant and her part-time work for the airline. Suzen was going to Fort Lauderdale to work on a New York Mets charter flight to the Big Apple.



It was a story made for the tabloids, and a tabloid was in the right place. When Frank Gifford, as expected, denied having a hotel-room tryst with Suzen Johnson, *Globe* was armed and ready with juicy video footage in which Gifford called Johnson "perky" and praised her "beautiful breasts." Above right, the Giff and notoriously perky Kathie Lee in happier times.

They clicked right away and Suzen admits to being smitten, though she was embarrassed by what she was wearing that day. She didn't have her uniform together, and wore a borrowed long-sleeved man's shirt. The shirt came down to her hips. "I did have on one of my black skirts. That was kind of it, with my heels. I had rubber bands on the cuffs to try to keep up the sleeves. So the whole time I'm trying to talk to him I'm pulling this up, pulling that up." But Frank wasn't put off. "It was crazy," says Suzen. "It was as if we had known each other all of our lives. Maybe he was comfortable with me because I was so sloppy. But maybe he just thought I was someone who was trustworthy, someone he could talk to. We talked about his children, Cody and Cassidy, and he showed me photographs of them. We shared my water. We sat very close. There was definitely chemistry there. It was personal because we were holding each other's hands and arms—he had his Hall of Fame ring on his left hand. He took it off and put it on me. I said, 'Congratulations,' because he seemed so proud of it. He said, 'Suzen, that was years ago.' We were looking into each other's eyes.

"I barely knew what he did," says Suzen. "He explained to me that he was on television on Sunday nights—or was it Mondays? I'm used to having a lot of high-profile people on my flights. You try not to talk to them unless they want something. So I was cool with him, but he seemed to enjoy talking with me."

Yes, he did. Never underestimate the power of telephone sex. Suzen Johnson so impressed Gifford that, after the plane landed, he talked to her frequently for the next several years before finally touching down in her Manhattan hotel suite earlier this





After meeting on an airplane to New York, Johnson and Gifford engaged in almost four years of telephone love-making ("Don't call it phone sex—that cheapens what we had," she insists). "It was destiny," Johnson says. Thank you, destiny, for bringing Suzen Johnson to us.



year. So powerful was the telephonic pillow talk that it seemed they conspired not to disturb safe fantasy with dangerous reality.

"I don't know whether our telephone relationship was more intellectual or sexual," says Suzen, but she certainly found his voice "incredibly sexy." According to *Globe*, Frank told her, "I want to taste your lips and kiss your breasts. I want to feel my naked body against yours." To those who would call this just phone sex, Suzen says, "That cheapens what we had. Frank and I made love during those conversations."

Suzen Johnson was born in Washington, D.C. and moved to Florida at the age of ten. Life was tough after her father died in a car accident shortly after the family moved, and Suzen spent a lot of time helping her mother bring up her sisters and brother. In fact, helping people is what Suzen does best. "Maybe it's a flight-attendant thing," she laughs, and quickly adds that she both likes and allows men to "call the shots." A brief early marriage failed, but her relationship with Harold







Johnson, now 69, has lasted more than 20 years and, says Suzen, is stronger than ever. One tends to believe her—in person she comes across as sincere, as warm and inviting. Indeed, in Frank Gifford she says she saw “a blurred image of myself. He was just so kind. He was handsome in a mature sort of way. You know . . . and nice.” A former aerobics instructor, Suzen is a gym regular. She really enjoyed the five-day *PLAYBOY* shoot, and says, “I wish that I had had the experience 20 years ago. I think that maybe I would have been an actress.”

But the nearest Suzen ever got to being an actress was at her very first job when, as a 15-year-old, she sold tickets in a movie theater. Later she was drawn to business, and in the Seventies helped her husband build up a chain of fitness centers. For a time Suzen and her husband were riding high with a Rolls-Royce and a private plane. But plans for a public offering of shares were destroyed with the 1987 stock market crash, and in 1989 the Johnsons' business went bankrupt. But the couple are survivors. Harold has started a swimming (text concluded on page 173)





"Now if you were retired, you could stay there all day."

Playboy's History Of The Sexual Revolution

article By JAMES R. PETERSEN



Part V 1940-1949

GREETINGS: *Having submitted yourself to a local board composed of your neighbors for the purpose of determining your availability for training and service in the land or naval forces of the United States, you are hereby notified that you have now been selected for training and service therein. . . .*

Funny how your whole life can change with one letter. In September 1940 Congress passed the Selective Training and Service Act and instituted a national draft. More than 16 million men received registration cards. Almost one million men between the ages of 20 and 36 opened their mail to learn that Uncle Sam wanted them to report



for a year of service—with a provision that the term be extended to 18 months in a national emergency.

Americans watched the fall of France and listened to Edward R. Murrow describe the Battle of Britain from the rooftops of London.

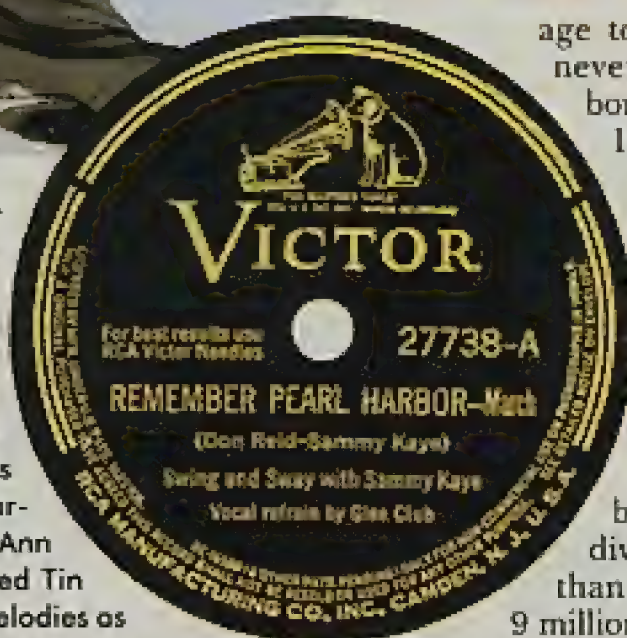
In 1941 Congress extended the hitch to 30 months. After the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor the fine print read simply "for the duration." Within a year, Congress had lowered the draft

The war separated the sexes for years at a time. The pin-up—including this Betty Grable shot (left) and the starlets who graced the back pages of *Yank*—came to symbolize what our boys were fighting for overseas. Mail call—letters from home—kept love and a GI's dreams alive (right).





Americans were united in a common cause. Those on the home front dealt with wartime hardships with courage and creativity. When nylon was deemed an essential war material and strictly rationed, women coped by drawing lines down the backs of their legs to give the appearance of stockings (that's dancer Ann Miller, above). Patriotism inspired Tin Pan Alley to write such martial melodies as *Remember Pearl Harbor* (right). Victory was our universal goal. Patriotism also fueled promiscuity. V-girls gave their all—and sometimes more. A VD poster (below) warned soldiers against a different enemy.

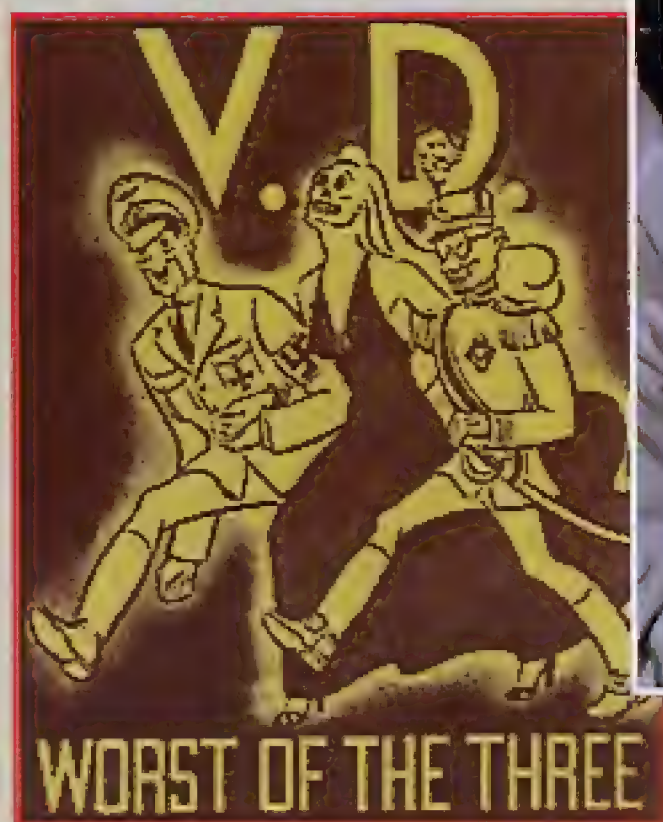


age to 18. Most of us had never heard of Pearl Harbor, but as of December 7, 1941 we were a nation at war. Our goal was victory, our theme song *God Bless America*. Mobilization was a blur; a constant leave-taking performed again and again in bus stations,

on train platforms, at airports and ports of embarkation. The U.S. armed forces grew from eight divisions to 90 in the space of four years, from fewer than half a million men to almost 4 million by 1942, 9 million by 1943, 11 million by 1944, 12 million by 1945. Men simply vanished from the streets of towns and cities



Humphrey Bogart tells Ingrid Bergman that the problems of three people don't amount to a hill of beans in *Casablanca*.



Women were part of the war effort—be it gracing bombers as nose art (above) or building them on assembly lines (below).





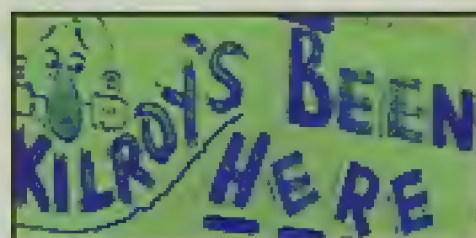
We listened to Edward R. Murrow describe the Battle of Britain and adopted Winston Churchill's V for Victory (left). The home front kept patriotic spirits high with posters (right), ads (below) and diligent censorship of news from abroad. The war pulled the country out of the depths of the Depression.



Hollywood pitched in. Donald Duck struck a blow for freedom in *Der Fuehrer's Face* (above). Veronica Lake graced pin-ups.



Men in uniform were virile and proud of it. Tex Avery's cartoon classic *Red Hot Riding Hood* depicted the wolf as an unabashed sexual predator. The wolf whistle was something between a mating call, the national anthem and a hymn. We rooted for our men and their fighting machines. Major General Claire Chennault's famous Flying Tigers (above) were early heroes. Civilians at home weren't forced to confront reality until 1943, when the first photos of American war dead were published.



across America, replaced by blue stars displayed proudly in the windows of families with boys in the military. When those boys died, the blue stars were replaced with stars of gold.

One letter changed your life, and you live in a world where the most important time of day is mail call. You hear a name called and recognize it as your own. News from home. Slowly men settle onto overturned boxes, huddle on bunks. Letters, they say, are like five-minute furloughs.

You tear (continued on page 124)

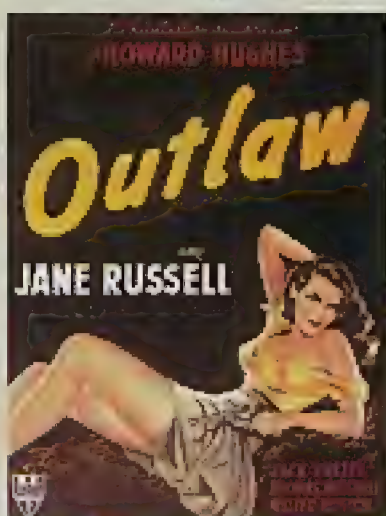
Milton Caniff's Miss Lace (above) appeared in service newspapers and Kilroy cropped up every-

where. Howard Hughes fought his own war, with censors, finally releasing *Outlaw* (left) with-

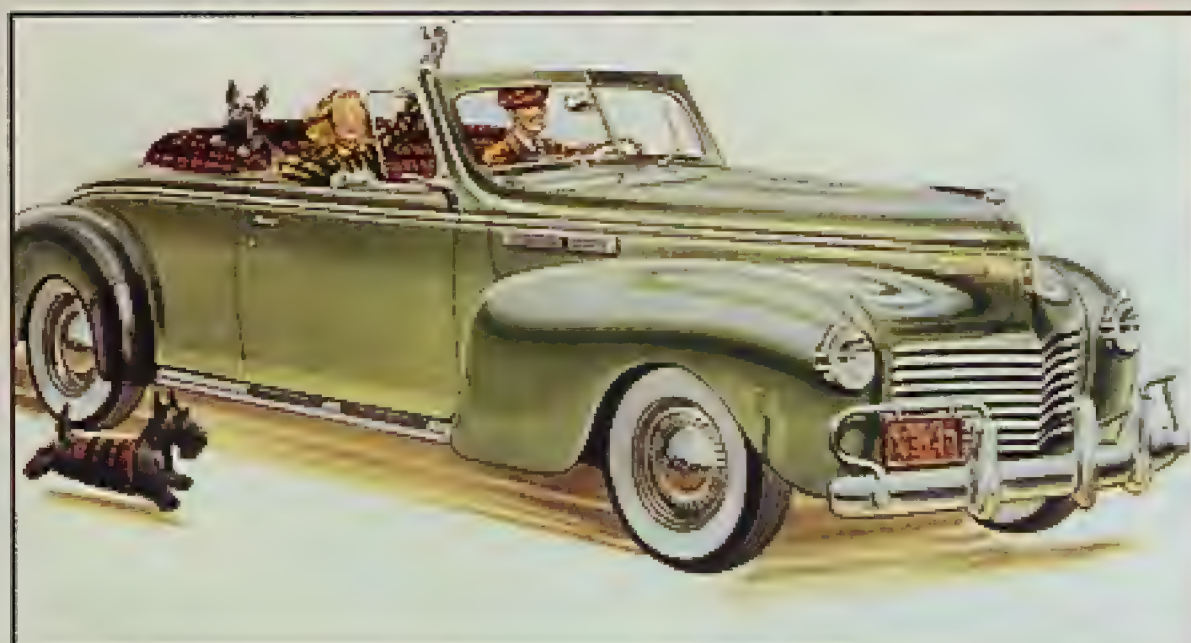
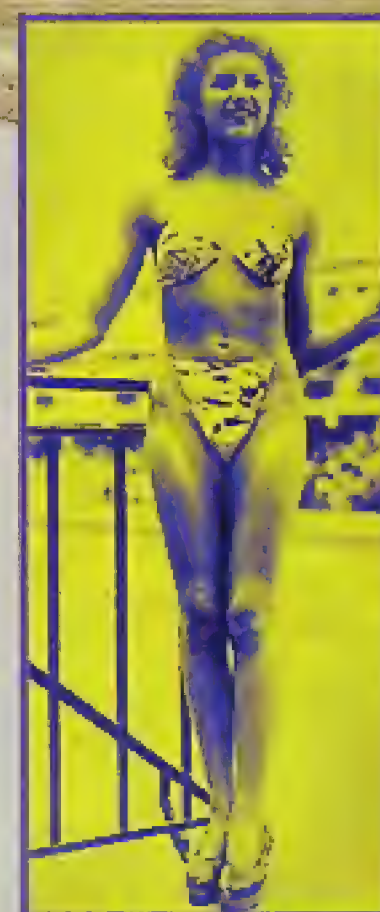


out a seal of approval. Discharged vets received the Ruptured Duck (above) and the GI Bill. We embraced a glittering world of modern things—from TV (left) to gleaming new autos

(below). Madison Avenue's America was pure Norman Rockwell, but film noir classics such as *Gilda* (top right) fed off the sexual paranoia and mutual suspicion that dominated the American scene during the postwar years.



Frank Sinatra (left) entertained bobby-soxers while the troops were away. The French celebrated the atomic age with a skimpy new bathing suit called the bikini (below). Alfred Kinsey dropped his own bomb with a report on male sexuality (below). Americans celebrated V-J Day with kisses in Times Square (right), but the Cold War was on its way.





MALE CALL (continued from page 90)

The Dear John letter destroys the double standard, proving that women are sexual creatures.

open the letter and read for the first of many times the heartfelt words of the girl you left behind. Her letters are an open journal, describing in detail life at home, revisiting that last good kiss, conveying the yearning. All you have of her are these letters and a photo of the two of you taken on top of the Empire State Building, a souvenir of the long weekend, a three-day pass spent together.

You haven't seen her for almost two years. She had accepted a ring and promised to wait. Back home girls are encouraged to write. She tells you about the posters: "V-Mail is speed mail: You write. He'll fight." "Be with him at every mail call." "Can you pass a mailbox with a clear conscience?"

The river of words flows both ways. You begin to write, more words than you've ever written in your life. You describe your plans for the future, your dreams. You know the letter will be read by an officer who will black out words that could prove useful to the enemy. You cannot tell her where you are, or where you are going, or what exactly has happened to your unit as she tries to keep track of you with pins pushed into a map of the world. She follows the drive across North Africa, the battles in the Pacific, the news from Europe. You ask her to read between and around the lines, to press the letter to her heart as she would your lips.

Words can convey only so much. One officer will tell you that he is surprised by how often the terms helpmate and soul mate appear in the letters he has to censor. Love deprived of touch can survive through imagination and hope. Perhaps, without realizing it, you have put women on a pedestal the size of a piece of stationery.

Conducting a relationship long distance brings sex to the surface in charming and awkward ways. An article in *Yank* describes the Service Men's Service in New York. Men in the military can write to ask volunteer shoppers to buy gifts for wives and sweethearts back home. The most requested items are black lace underwear and black negligees. One guy wrote about his girlfriend: "I suspect she's always had a suppressed desire to be slinky and sophisticated like Marlene Dietrich, so I'd like very much to get her one of them there negligees or whatever they are. You know, all glamorous and frothy and sultry looking. The sort

that will shock her mother and convince her that her future son-in-law has a lewd and depraved mind."

The article tells about a GI whose wife wrote back: "When you come back I'm going to go out and buy some black paint and paint the windows so I can wear this black negligee for you all day long."

The article assures the reader that all requests are held in strictest confidence. "One man overseas forwarded the Service \$50 to buy six presents—one for his wife and five others for five other girls. He was a sailor, and the shoppers could tell right off the places where his ship had docked while he was in the States because each of the girls lived in a different port. The Service was pleased to note that he'd ordered a \$25 present for his wife but specified that the presents for the other girls were not to cost more than \$5 apiece."

If they only knew.

You remember the writer on assignment for *Ladies' Home Journal* who wanted to interview you for "What Is Your Dream Girl Like?"

Is Dream Girl a phrase that existed before this nightmare began?

The article reported that "Uncle Sam's boys do a lot of thinking about girls. They have definite ideas about the sweetheart whose love and loyalty will keep their hearts warm and their spirits high while they are doing their jobs."

Most servicemen knew what they wanted: a domestic type, fond of cooking and children (28 percent), an outdoor girl, good at sports (20 percent), a good conversationalist and social mixer (19 percent) or shy and sweet (19 percent). They all sound good to you.

The survey included the question: What do you notice first about a girl? One out of four servicemen admitted: her figure.

The letters are windows on the world back home. The news is not always good. For every woman willing to wait, there are those who won't. The rush to war had produced a passion, an impulsiveness that defied precedent. Some men in the U.S. believed they could avoid military service if they were married. As Congress debated the draft, the marriage rate increased by 50 percent, and nine months later the birth rate rose, too.

After Pearl Harbor, the same thing

happened, only the motive was different. You knew you were going and you wanted someone waiting for you when you came back—if you came back. Americans got hitched at the rate of 1000 a day, a 20 percent jump in the first month of 1942. Time for one good weekend and another jump in the birth rate, the so-called goodbye babies.

The guy on the bunk next to you shows you a picture of his kid. He is a paper father to a paper son. His family lives on \$50 a month—the \$22 allotment and \$28 allowance from Uncle Sam. The government has taken your place at the family table, sending out 5.2 million checks each month to the families of servicemen.

What kind of family is it with an empty chair at the head of the table? What kind of marriage with an empty space in the bed? *Reader's Digest* writes about problem wives: "A girl has married 13 soldiers and divorced none of them. Need any of them support her? Yes—the first."

You read about the so-called Allotment Annies, women who marry as many servicemen as possible, hoping to collect the Uncle Sam paychecks and maybe the \$10,000 insurance payout if one takes a bullet.

More often it is the mail that contains a bullet to the heart. Called Dear John letters after a popular radio show that featured letters written to absent males, they open like graves. The girl you left behind has found someone else. Perhaps more than any other single piece of evidence, the Dear John letter destroys the double standard, proving that women are sexual creatures with appetites and yearnings of their own. Desire cannot be put on a shelf, nor kept in a drawer, secured by a ribbon.

Both *Yank* and *The Stars and Stripes* publish letters from servicemen in columns titled "Mail Call." Soldiers grouse about a California law that lets married women put up for adoption children born out of extramarital affairs without notifying their husbands who are overseas.

After the war, film director Billy Wilder will capture the moment in a scene in *Stalag 17*. An American POW in a German prison camp is reading a letter from home. "I believe it. I believe it," he says.

"You believe what?" asks his buddy.


"My wife. She says, 'Darling, you won't believe it, but I found the most adorable baby on our doorstep. And I've decided to keep it for our very own. Now, you won't believe it, but it's got exactly my eyes and nose.'"

By **CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN**

Ah, winter. Hearken to the whoosh of skis and the sounds of a crackling fire. Life in the snowy resorts has probably never been more exciting, thanks to the big bucks plugged in by the industry and a commitment to coddling and luxury. There are fabulous opened-up bowls to explore and wild new slopes for snowboard acrobatics. New comfortable gondolas and high-speed quads can whisk you to the top in minutes. If you want a chill thrill of a different sort, lace up a pair of clap skates (the kind that world-class racers wear) and make like Hans Brinker on your favorite frozen river or ice rink. (The U.S. Olympic speed-skating team trains at Milwaukee's Pettit National Ice Center, where mere mortals can test their skills too.) Or float through the solitude of a sleeping forest on a pair of snowshoes that are nothing like those worn by Nanook of the North. Indoor pleasures also abound, and we've assembled a list of cozy romantic hideouts where the nights are long, the tubs are hot and the drinks would make old man winter smile. It feels like snow is in the air. Bring it on!

WINTER





Here is a winter's list of hot stuff for cold climes. Items on the chair include Cirqueworks' Descent 2.8 backcountry pack with adjustable compression cuffs for skis, etc. (about \$240); Viking's clap skates, designed

for speed (about \$650); and deerskin mittens with polar fleece lining, by Steger Mukluks (about \$90). The moosehide mukluk in front of the chair is also by Steger (about \$220). Next to it is an aluminum snowshoe with hypalon decking, by Atlas Snowshoe Co. (about \$230); the Limit helmet for skiing and snowboarding by Leedom International (about \$160); and Revo ski goggles with a polycarbonate lens (\$250). On the trunk is a Flexible Gomez snowboard boot by Switch (about \$230). Behind it is Salomon's Snowblade 90 twin-tip ski (\$275) and its Performa 8.0 Equipe ski boot (about \$500); Rossignol's Vert twin-tip ski (about \$530); and a K2 Ginsu snowboard (\$410) that's fitted with a Switch Autolock 750 binding (about \$200).



HOT TIP Got \$50 burning a hole in the pocket of your ski pants? The Out of Bounds bar at the Keystone Resort in Keystone, Colorado serves a drink that includes Remy Martin Louis XIII cognac and Grand Marnier 150th Anniversary liqueur.



BURNING DESIRE Flame is the name of the snow job's fame. Moguls Bar in Whitefish, Montana layers equal parts amaretto and Baileys Irish Cream in a large shot glass, then tops it with a float of Bacardi 151-proof rum, which you light.

BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

Here's where to heat up the night after a cold day on the slopes:

Stein Eriksen Lodge: Let the valet tune your skis while you head for the whirlpool. This posh property at Deer Valley Ski Resort in Utah's powdery Wasatch Range has a great nightlife, plus wood-beamed suites with a fireplace in the master bedroom.

Top-notch at Stowe Resort and Spa: Curl up in front of the fire or unwind in a private sauna in one of 17 townhouses at the base of Vermont's Mount Mansfield, just three miles from Stowe. There's a coed sauna and a waterfall whirlpool too.

Irwin Lodge: Accessible only by Sno-Cat, rustic and remote Irwin Lodge in the Gunnison National Forest about 12 miles from Crested Butte, Colorado is for those who like their hot-tub action alfresco.

Strawberry Park Hot Springs: Reserve the native-stone private pool at this natural hot spring, situated seven miles from Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Plan to stay in one of the rustic "camping" cabins or in the cozy renovated 1890s railroad caboose.

THINGS OLD MAN WINTER DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW

(1) Garmin's new GPS II Plus global positioning satellite receiver (pictured here, about \$385) locks on a signal even in dense tree cover. The screen rotates 90 degrees so the unit can be read horizontally or vertically, and it can be mounted in a car or ATV (with optional brackets). No more getting lost while cross-country skiing or backcountry trailbreaking on a snowmobile.

(2) Winter is a great time to learn to fly. Cold air limits turbulence and enhances aircraft performance.

(3) Dry ski or snowboard boot liners with paper toweling each evening and you'll have warmer feet the next day.

(4) Deep-channel, virgin-rubber Weathertech floor mats hold up to 1.5 quarts of slush and salt that can play havoc with your auto carpet. Order a set from MacNeil Automotive Products at 800-441-6287 for about \$45.

(5) The combination of thin mountain air and reflective snow can produce a nasty sunburn. Slather on plenty of

sunscreen (SPF 30 minimum) and lip protection. And, unless you're wearing a neon ski suit, forget the neon zinc oxide. Sunscreens with titanium dioxide



and a new colorless form of zinc oxide deliver protection without the war-paint look.

(6) Use a moisturizer, such as Clinique M lotion, to soothe a wind-burned face. Also remember that higher altitudes mean thinner air and less atmosphere protection. Play it safe and ap-

ply plenty of sunblock before you head for the slopes.

(7) To clear fogged car windows fast, set the air conditioner to blow through the defrost vents. Use paper towels rather than your gloves to wipe off any of the excess moisture.

(8) The Bridgestone Winter Driving School in Steamboat Springs, Colorado trains the pros. Sessions cost \$115 to \$975. Call 800-WHY-SKID.

(9) Wiping the inner lens of fogged ski goggles with paper destroys the chemical coating. Dry your lenses in the sun or use a special antifog cloth. On powder days, carry a pair of spare goggles as a backup.

(10) Premium snow tires, such as the Bridgestone Blizzak and Michelin Alpin, deliver up to 40 percent better traction than the best all-season tires.

(11) Cotton socks and underwear hold moisture next to your skin. Wear wicking wool or synthetic fiber instead.





*"Imagine—our little girl old enough to blackmail
a presidential hopeful!"*





meet mother russia's favorite daughter

FROM MOSCOW WITH LOVE

IN MOSCOW, where crowds follow her every move, Inga Drozdova isn't just fine, she's *krasavitsa*. That's Russian for "most beautiful." The 21-year-old singer electrified Russian pop culture with her voice—and a memorable layout in *Playboy Russia*, one of our newest international editions. Soon you will see her on TV, in videos and on the Internet, but Inga chose our pages for her U.S. debut. "Since my centerfold was successful in Russia, I wanted to do the American edition," she says. "I am a *PLAYBOY* fan." On a



ВЕСТИ

тасть надежда
россии будет



Want to start a minirevolution? First, make waves in Moscow with some nuclear bombshell posing in a miniskirt. (That's Inga by the Kremlin at left.) Next, be stylishly ironic: Inga shows off the true opiate of the masses at the golden arches in Red Square (right). Then (below and on the opposite page, in our studios), she shows more. "As a businesswoman I often have to hide my sexuality. *PLAYBOY* allows me to be my real self," she says. Inga is also a singer (below left, at a Moscow recording studio). She hopes to make it big in American pop music. Maybe her appearance here will start a Miss November revolution this month.



recent visit to California she signed autographs in Hollywood—a wish come true for the former teen beauty queen from Latvia.

Inga owes her impeccable command of the English language to her years spent at the Moscow Linguistic University, where she majored in finance and business law. "My grades were nearly perfect. But then, I'm a perfectionist," she says. Conservatives back home may have rebelled against the new, Westernized Russia—the McDonaldsization of their motherland, they call it—but Inga embraces change, even personifies it. When she was a little girl there were no sex symbols in Russia. The only pin-ups were pictures of tractors. "I like the new way. I want to be a singer, an actress, a sexual woman and a businesswoman," she says. World citizen Inga, who works in Moscow and studies at an Australian university between photo shoots and holidays in Europe, will soon move to Los Angeles. Other plans include acting and singing on American TV and in movies. Of course, she's her own manager—why pay someone to do what a smart entrepreneur







Russia was once our enemy, but Inga wants to make friends. Forget deterrence; she's into magnetism. "I love men with sexy voices and masculine walks," she says. Is Inga preoccupied with sex? Only until her next business class.



can do herself? Thanks to the end of the Cold War we can finally introduce you to a Playmate whose turn-ons include both Pushkin and *The X-Files*. Only the bold appeals to Miss November, and that includes bold, handsome men of any nationality. "Men can be sexy, too," she says. Particularly those who share her boundless energy. "I am always optimistic, and I never get tired." Keeping up with such a woman isn't easy, but it has rewards beyond the frequent-flier miles. Being with Inga can shape up a man intellectually and physically. Her days begin with exercise sessions on the beach. Next come business classes at whichever college—or "uni," as she says—she happens to be attending that month.

Then there are acting and singing lessons. Inga's reward comes late in the day: a massage that relaxes her for an evening on the town. "I'd like to pursue my science studies more, but there is so little time," she says. Another subject that requires more study is the sort of man she wants. "Russian men, Australians, Americans—I don't know who is best. I like them all." Thus far, red-blooded Americans have responded to her the same way the Russian army did: with wide-eyed appreciation. "I am a noticeable person," she says.

To get closer to Miss November, Inga Drozdova, you can call the Playboy Super Hotline. See page 155 for details.





MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Inga Draganova

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: INGA DROZDOVA

BUST: 92cm WAIST: 60cm HIPS: 92cm

HEIGHT: 173cm WEIGHT: 56KG

BIRTH DATE: 12/14/75 BIRTHPLACE: LATVIA

AMBITIONS: I want to be a famous actress and a singer, but still remain a businesswoman.

TURN-ONS: The crowd which welcomes me while I'm singing onstage, sexy men, energetic dancing.

TURN-OFFS: Ordinary life, discussing other people, bad manners.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN SEXY: It should be coming from inside. She either is sexy or not. Nothing really can make her sexy. It is a quality given by God.

DESCRIBE A TYPICAL DAY IN YOUR LIFE: Start with exercising, then uni, dancing, singing lessons, massage and end with a wonderful evening with my friends.

IDEAL ROMANTIC EVENING: In a beautiful castle full of candles, wearing a perfect outfit and dancing to romantic music.

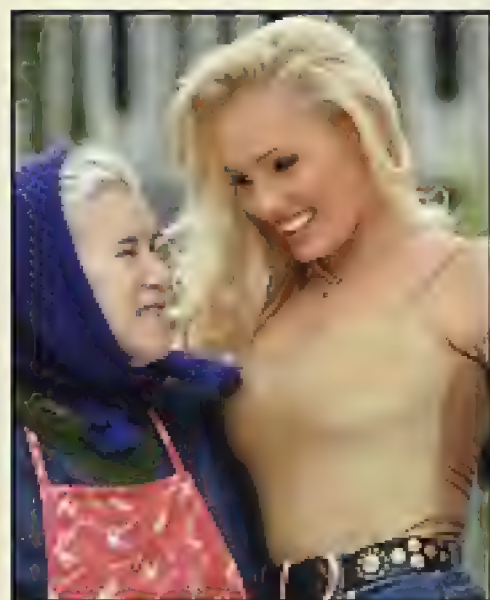
WHAT IS SEXY IN MEN: Their voices and the way they walk.



My magic Kingdom.



My musical mother.



Getting some advice.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man walked into a Porsche dealership, opened the door of a Boxster, took a seat behind the wheel and smiled. A salesman approached and asked, "Are you thinking about buying this car?"

"Oh, I'm definitely going to buy this car," he said, "but I'm thinking about pussy."

The joke too sick to die: What's written on Karen Carpenter's tombstone? I STILL THINK YOU CAN'T BE TOO RICH.



Dave arrived in hell and was told he had a decision to make. He could go to capitalist hell or to communist hell. Naturally, Dave wanted to compare the two, so he wandered over to capitalist hell. He asked the first man he met, "What's it like in there?"

"Well, in capitalist hell," the man replied, "they flay you, boil you in oil, chain you to a rock and slash you with sharp knives."

"That's terrible!" gasped Dave. "I'm going to check out communist hell." There he discovered a huge line of people waiting to get in. He pushed his way through to the head of the line, where he found Karl Marx busily signing in people. Dave asked what communist hell was like.

"In communist hell," Marx said, "they flay you, boil you in oil, chain you to a rock and slash you with sharp knives."

"But that's exactly the same as capitalist hell!" protested Dave.

"True," sighed Marx, "but sometimes we don't have oil, and sometimes we don't have knives."

What's the difference between an onion and an accordion? No one cries when you cut an accordion in half.

Billy Bob parked his rig in Florida for a few days before driving back home. He was about to dive into the surf but figured he'd better check out the alligator situation with the townsfolk. "Nope, no gators here," a local assured him.

Billy Bob had swum out 50 feet before his brain kicked in again. "Hey, how come there ain't no gators in here?" he yelled back to the guy onshore.

"Because they're afraid of the sharks," came the reply.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The high school student spent most of his afternoons in the basement mixing chemicals. One day his father went down to find his son surrounded by racks of test tubes and pounding something into the wall. "Danny, don't put nails in the wall," his father admonished.

"It's not a nail, Dad," the young man explained. "It's a worm. I found a formula that turns things as hard as a rock."

"Tell you what, son," the man said with sudden interest. "You give me the special formula and I'll buy you a car."

The next day when Danny got home from school, he saw two brand-new cars in the driveway. "Dad, what are these?" he asked.

"Oh, they're for you, son," his dad said, smiling. "The Toyota's from me. The Mercedes is from your mother."

What's the difference between a dentist and a sadist? A sadist has newer magazines.

The couple had broken up but remained friends as well as neighbors in the same apartment building. Some months after their split, the two met in the elevator. The woman's ex had his arm in a cast. "Is there anything I can do to help?" she asked sympathetically.

"Well, if it's not too much trouble, would you help me take a bath?"

She agreed, and back at his apartment, she eased him into the tub and began to wash his back. As she lathered his chest she noticed his growing erection. "Now isn't that sweet," she cooed. "It still recognizes me."



THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A lady walked into a tattoo parlor and said, "Can you do a tattoo of a turkey on my right inner thigh and one of a Christmas tree on my left inner thigh?"

"Sure," the tattoo artist said. "But if you don't mind me asking, why did you choose those two designs?"

The lady smiled. "My husband," she explained. "He says there's never anything to eat between Thanksgiving and Christmas!"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



*"I'll give you an O . . . I'll give you
an R . . . I'll give you a G . . . I'll give you an A . . . I'll give you
an S . . . I'll give you an M . . . !"*

Rock & Roll's MODEL MAMA

WHATEVER you call Bebe Buell, don't label her a groupie. Although she was companion to a host of Seventies rock stars, including Todd Rundgren, Steven Tyler, Stiv Bators, Elvis Costello and Rod Stewart, she really hates the G word. "I think it's sexist. Nobody calls males groupies. Actually, I call myself the M girl. I started as a model, then I was a mommy, then a musician and now I'm a manager." She just signed her young actor-client Johnny Zander to back-to-back films, *Snapped* and *Memories of the Yellow House*. She's best known, however, for having helped launch the career of one of Hollywood's hottest properties: Liv Tyler, her daughter with Aerosmith's Steven Tyler. In 1976, when Bebe found herself pregnant with Tyler's child, she opted out of his then-druggy world. Liv grew up thinking her dad was Bebe's longtime boyfriend, Todd Rundgren. "I was scared, so

"When my centerfold came out," says Bebe, "the Ford Agency fired me. Wilhelmina took me on and sent me to London, Paris and Italy, where I worked for the top fashion magazines."



PLAYMATE
REVISITED:



BEBE BUELL



As a teenager, Bebe's daughter, Liv (left), met her father, Steven Tyler (center). She noted the resemblance and put two and two together. "I couldn't fib to her," says Bebe (right), "so I told her the truth. Now she and Steven are very close." This family portrait was taken at the gala Los Angeles premiere of Liv's first major film, *Stealing Beauty*, in 1996.

I called Todd. To this day I don't know why he took me back, knowing I was pregnant with another man's child. It was a gallant and chivalrous thing to do."

When her November 1974 *Playmate* story came out, Bebe was living with Rundgren and working as a fashion model for Eileen Ford. "Friends were always trying to get me to do sexy photographs, but I was a little too uptight. Then Lynn Goldsmith, the rock-and-roll photographer, took some beautiful photographs. She submitted the shots to *PLAYBOY*, who treated me like a princess. I stayed at the Playboy Mansion in Chicago, and I was nervous because I'd heard all kinds of stories. But everybody just sat around and played Monopoly all night."







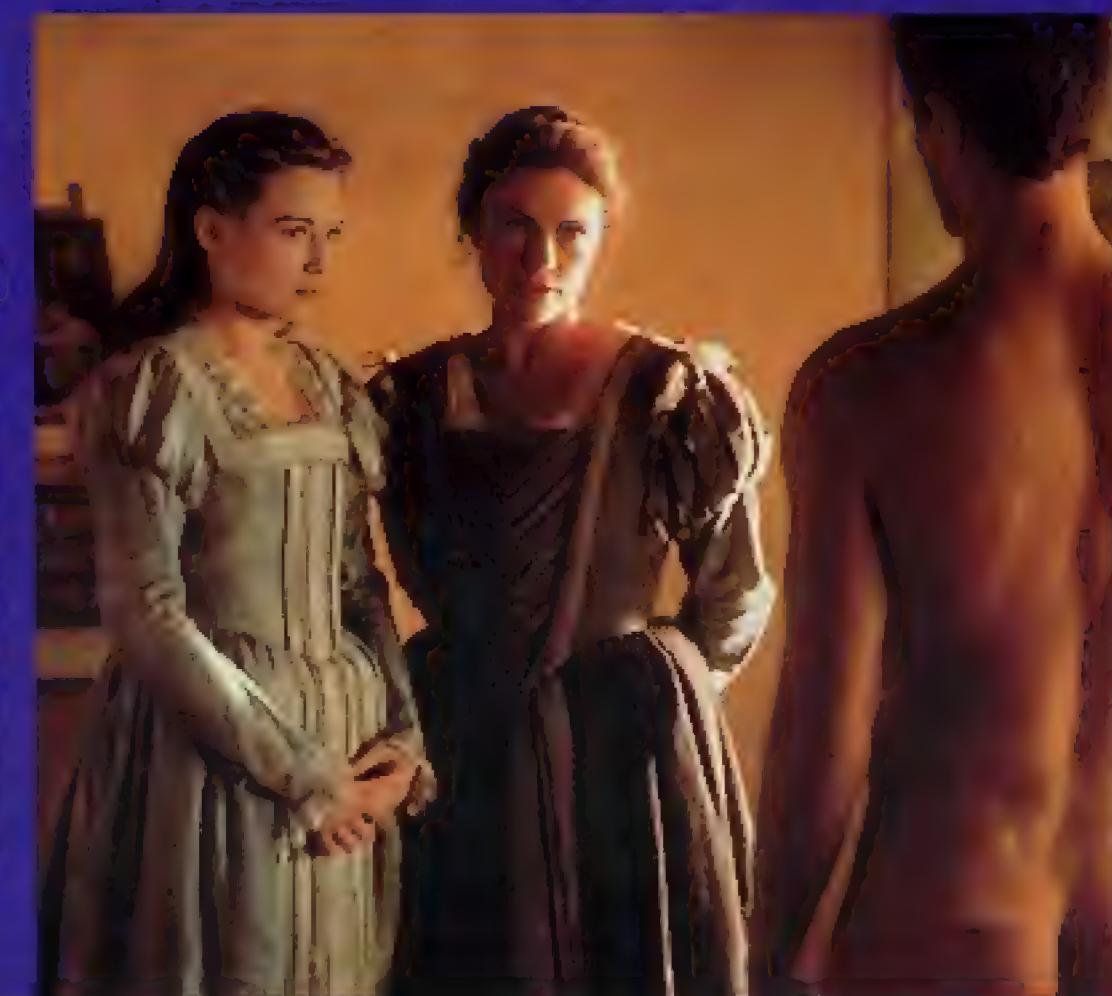


*"Well, I guess this rock sample pretty much clears up
any lingering doubts about life on Mars!"*



"You heard me, damn it. I don't want to take a break."

Sex in Cinema 1997



while hollywood opts for boom over vavoom, sexier films cop the prizes

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON We have seen many more explosions than orgasms on the screen in 1997. There have been exceptions, of course, to such volatile asexual blockbusters as *Con Air* and *The Lost World*. Uma Thurman oozed sex appeal as the man-killing Poison Ivy in *Batman & Robin*, adding titillation to that well-traveled turf, and there's lots of suggestive ribaldry between Linda Fiorentino and Will Smith in the madly satirical *Men in Black*. More often, though, it has been the independently made features that have taken up the slack, sexually speaking.

Early in 1997 David Cronenberg's loudly touted *Crash* lost rpm's after wowing voyeurs at last year's Cannes Film Festival, while *The English Patient* went on to win the Best Picture Oscar for its soaring romance and adult sexuality. Also commanding rapt attention on the American scene was *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, a maverick mainstream movie that infuriated Gloria Steinem and some militant feminists. It was followed much later by *Boogie Nights*, which explored the darker side of pornography, with actors Burt Reynolds, Julianne Moore and Mark Wahlberg (text continued on page 168)

SKIN GAMES Britain's provocative director Peter Greenaway presents *The Pillow Book*, in which Vivian Wu introduces Ewan (Trainspotting) McGregor to the eroticism of epidermal calligraphy. Matthew Broderick and Meg Ryan are conspirators in *Addicted to Love* (top right); Stellan Skarsgård encourages bride Emily Watson to enjoy sex in *Breaking the Waves* (center right); and *Courtesan*'s Jacqueline Bisset (at center, bottom right) trains daughter Catherine McCormack in the art of love (so *that's* what it looks like!).



SWITCH-HITTERS Cinematic gender-bending continues unabated, with nearly every imaginable sexual combination on view at your local Cineplex. Singer Courtney Love won wild acclaim for her performance as the drugged-out bisexual Althea Leasure in *The People vs. Larry Flynt* (above). Sting returns to the big screen after nearly a decade's absence to play the devious (and deviant) butler who seduces versifier Steven Mackintosh in *Gentlemen Don't Eat Poets* (below left). This film has everything, including what might be described as cannibalism once removed. In *Chasing Amy* (below right), Ben Affleck courts the object of his desire, Joey Lauren Adams. Trouble is, she's a lesbian.





X MARKS THE GENERATION Alienated youth comes to the fore in such films as *Dream With the Fishes* (above left), starring David Arquette as a suicidal voyeur who embarks on a fantasy road trip with a terminally ill buddy. Among their escapades: nude bowling. In *Slaves to the Underground* (above right), grunge rocker Molly Gross resumes an affair with slacker ex-boyfriend Jason Bortz—thereby driving her new sexual gal pal up the wall in a more figurative sense. Greater critical regard was reserved for *Broken English* (below), the Romeo and Juliet tale of a Croatian immigrant girl (spectacular newcomer Aleksandra Vujcic) and her Maori lover (*Once Were Warriors*' Julian Arahanga) in New Zealand.





WINNERS TAKE OFF While Hollywood blockbusters rely more on explosions than emotions, it's the lower-key, independent-made movies that have been claiming the prizes lately. A notable exception at this year's Academy Awards: Tri Star's *Jerry Maguire*, a movie about relationships, sexual and otherwise, that won Cuba Gooding Jr. an Oscar for his soul-and-body-baring performance (below left). Above, Fanny Ardant, playing a concupiscent countess, takes a full-torso powder in France's César-winning *Ridicule*. In *Kolya*, this year's Foreign Film Oscar champ, middle-aged Czech lothario Zdenek Sverak leads a happily randy lifestyle (below right) until a kid lands on his doorstep.





JUST KIDDING Sex with a smile is the rule in (clockwise, from top left) *Mars Attacks*, featuring an alien encounter with a centerfold; *Beavis and Butt-head Do America*, dropping the rowdy toons into the middle of an orgy; *Private Parts*, shock jock Howard Stern's entertainingly exhibitionistic autobiography; *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery*, in which Mike Myers puts on colorful crushed-velvet suits (and audiences) in a time-traveling spoof of James Bond films; and *Batman & Robin*, with the delectable Uma Thurman as the villainess Poison Ivy, delivering a potentially toxic smooch to Robin (Chris O'Donnell).

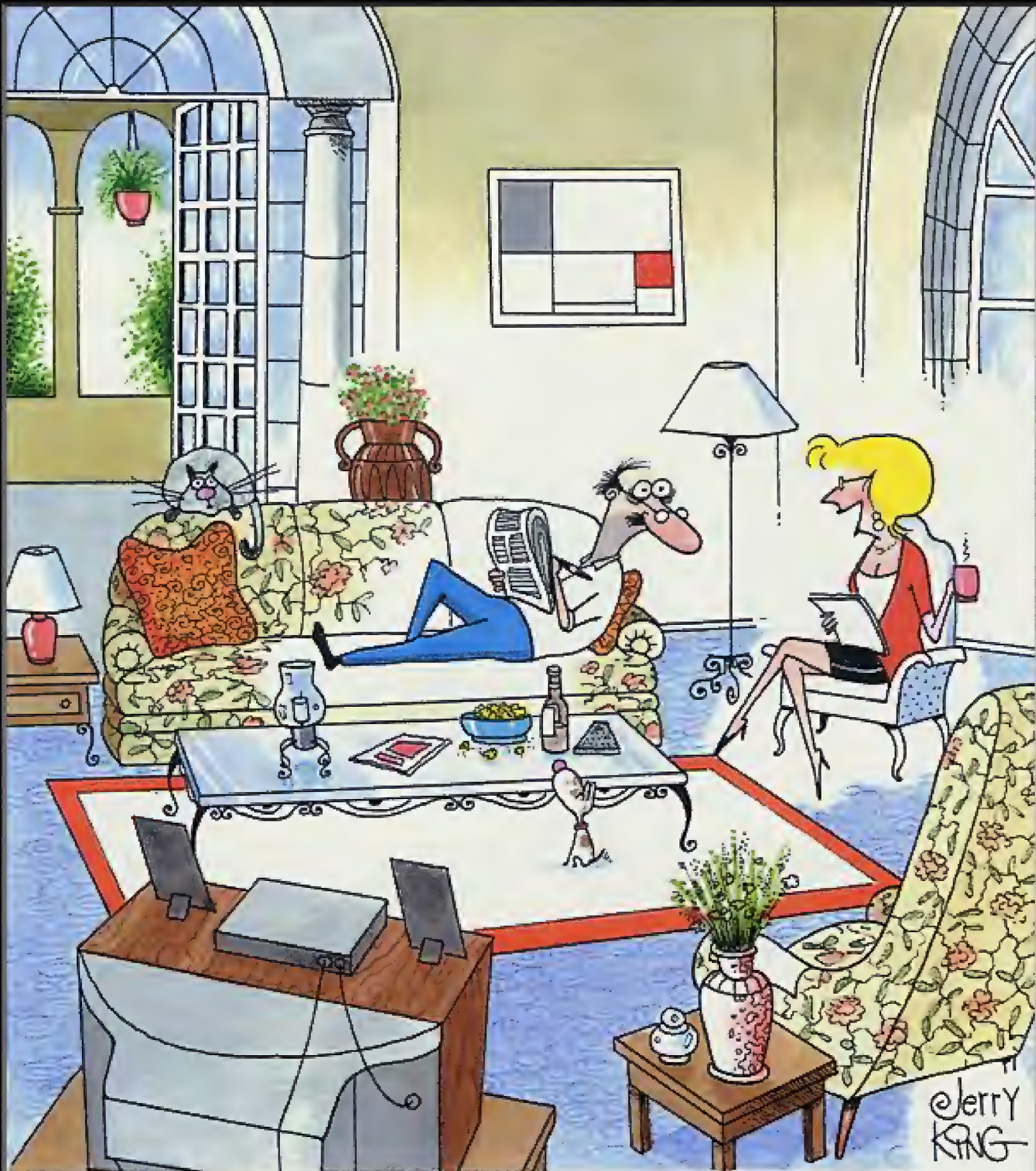




NOW, THAT'S WHAT WE CALL SEX ED For some folks, doing what comes naturally doesn't. That's the theme of *Bliss* (above), in which newlyweds Craig Sheffer and Sheryl Lee seek aid from a tantric yogi to cure her frigidity. Elsewhere on these pages, scenes from Mira Nair's *Kama Sutra*, an erotically charged epic set in 16th century India. The lower-caste Maya, played by Indira Varma, and Princess Tara (*Mississippi Masala*'s Sarita Choudhury) are childhood friends who become separated by Maya's affair with Tara's royal husband. Below right, Maya shows Tara some tips learned in Kama Sutra classes (below left). Opposite, Maya finds love with a sculptor of erotic statues (Ramon Tikaram).







Jerry
KING

*"Of course I enjoy sex. What do you think I do every day
while you're at work?"*

THE WAR

through the eyes of cartoonists



Sgt. GEORGE BAKER



Humor can be an act of courage. During the war Milton Caniff, celebrated creator of *Terry and the Pirates*, drew a special series titled *Male Call* (top) for camp newspapers. He could comment on the conflict between morale and morals. Sergeant George Baker's *Sad Sack* (middle) reacts to a sex hygiene film. A panel in a cartoon digest of the Forties (middle, right) comments on dating



... so Archibald kissed her again an' gently put her head on th' pillow. She gazed at him wit' half-shut eyes—tremblin' hard—don't forget to buy next week's installment at your newsstand.



mores of those back home. Leonard Sansone created a wolf in khaki clothing (far left) for camp papers. But by far the most famous characters to emerge during the war were Willie and Joe, the ultimate dogfaces (near left), created by Bill Mauldin. The war had an odd way of interrupting sex for everyone. The political cartoon above demonstrates the power of ridicule as a weapon of war.

PLAYMATE NEWS



PLAYMATES IN CYBERSPACE

Those of you who are nostalgic for the Playboy Club days, when an order of a dry martini and a steak sandwich would prompt a beautiful young woman to do the Bunny dip, can join a virtual club—the Playboy

ing along to Quick Time, see footage of Playmates from Playboy Home Videos and Playboy TV. The Playboy Photo Library includes pictures from our photo collection. Visit chat rooms where your fellow club members are hanging out. As with any great club, the clientele and the menu change regularly. But in cyberspace, you'll have to grill

your own
steak
and mix
your own
martini.



PLAYBOY was the first national magazine on the Web. In August 1994 we unveiled the Playboy Home Page. We currently entertain more than 150,000 visitors a day.

Cyber Club—at <http://cyber.playboy.com>. You can become a member for \$6.95 a month, \$18 a quarter or \$60 annually. As a member you'll be able to participate in live nightly chats with Playmates. Click on to 500-plus individual Playmate home pages,

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — NOVEMBER

Susie Scott—Miss May 1983 will be 34 on November 2.
Marianne Gaba—Miss September 1959 will be 58 on November 13.
Monique St. Pierre—Miss November 1978 will be 44 on November 25.
Joni Mattis—Miss November 1960 will be 59 on November 28.
Karin Taylor—Miss June 1996 will be 26 on November 28.

which include never-before-seen photographs. See the Data Sheet and the article that ran with each Playmate pictorial. Check into Centerfold Collectibles to purchase merchandise, autographs and memorabilia. Mov-

CARRIE STEVENS:

"Posing in PLAYBOY made me feel more beautiful than any designer clothes I modeled. What a gift."

PLAYMATE ZODIAC

Although Miss December 1956 Lisa Winters was unofficially called the first Playmate of the Year, the tradition actually began with Miss December 1959 Ellen Stratton. Ellen, the 1960 Playmate of the Year, was a Bunny at the Chicago Playboy Club. Interestingly, most Playmates of the Year first appeared in the magazine's No-

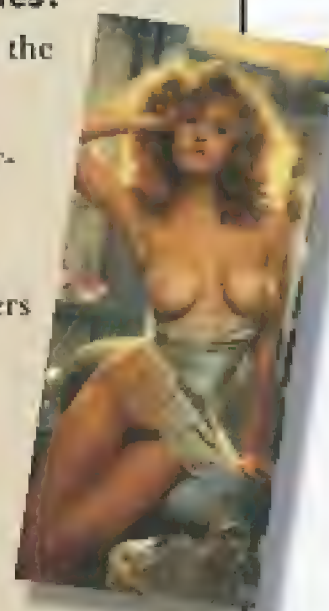


PLAYMATES 101:

Who are the anniversary Playmates?

When Hef created the Playmates of the Month, no one thought of anniversaries, but things changed.

5th: Joyce Nizzari
10th: Sharon Rogers
15th: Leslie Bianchini
20th: Nancy Cameron
25th: Candy Loving
30th: Penny Baker
35th: Fawna MacLaren
40th: Anna-Marie Goddard



Penny Baker

vember or December issues. There has never been a PMOY who first appeared in a June or July edition. Which makes us wonder about the crazy, hazy, lazy days of summer.



Miss March 1992 Tylyn John (left, at right) and 1995 PMOY Julie Cialini rev up at the Pujol Motorcycle Co.'s grand-opening celebration in Los Angeles. PLAYBOY offered a Hot Bike Giveaway of a custom Titan Gecko motorcycle complete with the Rabbit Head logo. What a ride! Just before they spiked the ball at the First Annual Celebrity Volleyball Challenge at the Ocean Club in East Quogue, New York, we took a picture of (above, left to right) Julie Cialini; Miss November 1992 Stephanie Adams; Ian Ralfini, president of the Nordoff-Robbins Music Therapy Foundation; Miss August 1993 Jennifer Lavoie; and Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco.

I've heard that 1982 PMOY Shannon Tweed has been cast as a Navy Seal in the TNT movie *Shadow Warriors*, star-

drying and doesn't bleed.

(3) If you've requested an autograph on a piece of clothing, observe rules number one and two, then use your best judgment when washing your prized possession.—Philip Janus, Lake Ridge, Virginia

I had an autographed T-shirt that I took to my mother, who is a seamstress. She embroidered over the autograph, so now I can wash it and not worry. The autograph lives on.—Edward Bennett, edward@rahul.net

How about using Playmates' names for geographical features on Mars? Scientists would have more than 500 from which to choose. It's in the stars.—Tushar Mithaiwala, Hanover Park, Illinois

LAURA LYONS:

"People still ask me about Hef. He's a wonderful, caring man, and I think that's what people should know about him."

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"I consider being a redhead a blessing. I feel special and I get noticed a lot. In fact, it got me a layout in *PLAYBOY*. Some people make fun of redheads, but the teasing just makes us stronger. There are no other reds in my family, though I do have a gorgeous, blonde, blue-eyed, younger sister who is Playmate material."—LAURA RICHMOND, Miss September 1988

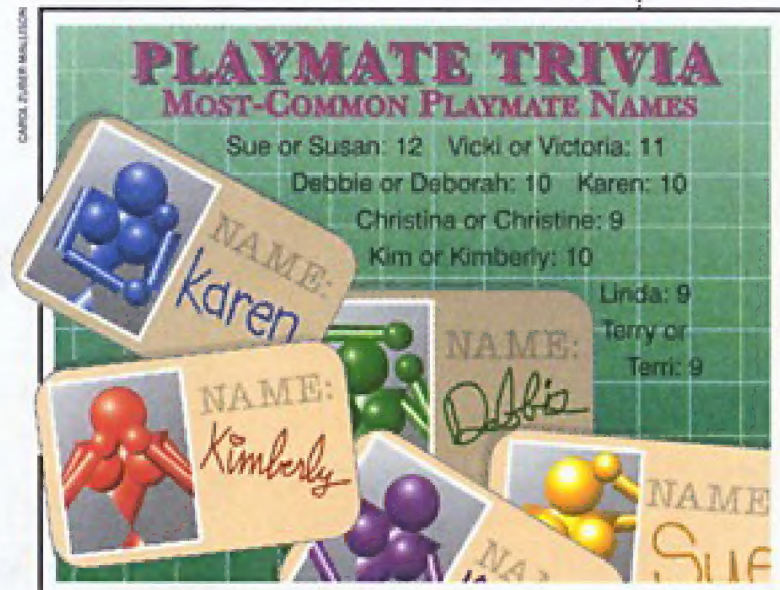


"I'd wanted to be a Playmate since I discovered my dad's *PLAYBOY* when I was in first grade—just a quick peek. I don't think he ever knew, but my mom did. It took nerve to send in my photos to *PLAYBOY*. I had wanted to do it for a long time. After I found out I'd been chosen, everything moved so quickly, I didn't have a chance to jump up and down."—HOLLY WITT, Miss November 1995



PLAYMATE TRIVIA MOST-COMMON PLAYMATE NAMES

Sue or Susan: 12 Vicki or Victoria: 11
Debbie or Deborah: 10 Karen: 10
Christina or Christine: 9
Kim or Kimberly: 10
Linda: 9
Terry or Terri: 9



ring Carl Weathers and Hulk Hogan. It's scheduled to air this month, and rumor has it, may become a series. When I was in the Navy, I briefed Seals for classified missions. I'm a big fan of Shannon Tweed, but I can't picture her hip-high in mud, carrying an H&K with black-and-green camouflage on her pretty face. That won't keep me from catching Shannon's Seal stint anyway.—Patrick Murray, playboy2@ix.netcom.com

If you're an inexperienced autograph seeker planning to attend the next Glamourcon or any other Playmate event, you'll benefit from these hints:

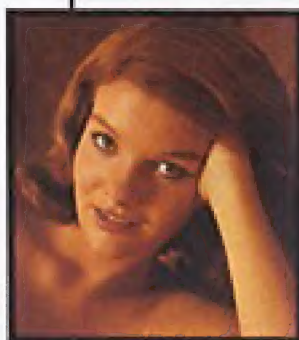
- (1) Take your own pen to autograph opportunities.
- (2) Use a Sharpie permanent black marker. It's the universal pen for autograph collectors because it's quick

— Merle Pertile 1941–1997 —

Miss January 1962 Merle Pertile died last winter in Lake Arrowhead, California. Her Playmate layout was a result of her appearances on TV's *Playboy Penthouse*, which originated in Chicago.

Merle was a native Californian and returned to the West Coast after her Playmate shoot to do other TV shows, including *77 Sunset Strip* and *The Tab Hunter Show*. Said former TV star Peter Brown (*Laredo*, *The Lawman*): "Merle Pertile was the first love of my life. She gave me a wonderful daughter."

We bid her goodbye.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss February 1995 Lisa Marie Scott appears in three Playboy-produced videos: *The Glass Cage*, *Ringer* and *Corporate Ladder*. . . .

The deadline for becoming a charter member of the Playboy Playmate Alumni Association Support Team has been extended until Thanksgiving, for holiday gift-giving. . . . Miss June 1986 Rebecca Ferratti was one of the original American Gladiators. She's played a warrior in *Gor* and *Outlaw of Gor* and a cyborg in *Cyborg Three*. She made you laugh in *Ace Ventura*, *Pet Detective* and more recently in *The Misery Brothers*. Get her comic book, *Dinosaur Mansion*, in which she stars. . . . Miss September 1971 Crystal Smith (now Wright) is involved in developing a Web site for homeless job seekers called



Ulrika and Rachel Jean

the Internet Job Resource Center. It's being promoted by celebrity spokespersons Willie Nelson and Rita Coolidge. . . . Miss November 1996 Ulrika Ericsson and Miss August 1995 Rachel Jean Marteen (above) outdrew even the horses at the Belmont Stakes this past June. . . . Miss March 1996 Priscilla Taylor is co-hosting the syndicated TV show *Love Shack*, a Nineties version of the *Dating Game*. . . . After her guest appearance on *Beverly Hills 90210*, look for Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens in an Icehouse beer commercial. . . . PMOY 1995 Julie Gialini received so much fan mail from her June *Playmate News* item that answering it has turned into a full-time job.

Why We Love Models

When supermodels IMAN (below left) and LINDA EVANGELISTA glammed it up at the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute gala, it was easy to see how fashion can turn into art. Iman does fund-raising for the Children's Defense Fund and Linda pitches for Clairol Ultress. All that glitters here is bold.



Best Dressed

Look for ASHLEY JUDD in *The Locusts* with Vince Vaughn and *Kiss the Girls* with Morgan Freeman. Or save yourself the price of two tickets and check out her fabulous dress right here.

© BOB D'AMICO/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Pop Tart

U2's *Pop* has gone platinum, but BONO doesn't feel like a pop star. The hype around the Popmart tour didn't prevent U2 from playing a benefit in Sarajevo. Next up is his likely film debut in *Million-Dollar Hotel*, which he wrote.



© KEN SETTLER

MARKON CURTIS/ONY



See-Through

LISA ANN PARSON has been featured on TV in *Deader Than Ever* and *Daytona Blues* and in the film *Show-girls*. She also made a national commercial for Pentax cameras. Lisa clicks with us, too.

© TIM JAMES



Striking a Match

Check out MATCHBOX 20's gold CD, *Yourself or Someone Like You*, for the latest on lousy relationships, done to toe-tapping music. It'll give you a hot foot.

© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

© TIM JAMES

Who Wears Short Shorts?

SHELLY STRASNER was in the ABC Movie of the Week *Broken Crown*. She has appeared in episodes of both *Silk Stalkings* and *Renegade*. Shelly has popped her top.



On the Rocks

New model ERIN KEMP has been working with glamour photographers in southern California. And the results are in.



DOUGLAS STREISLEITER

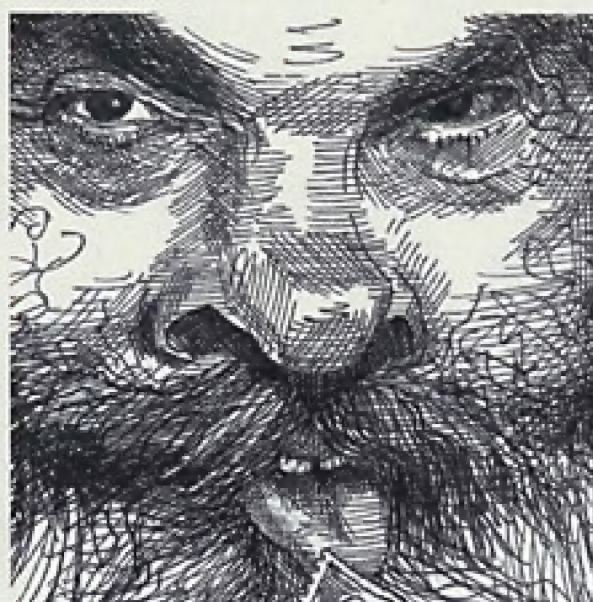
NEXT MONTH



OH MISS CANADA



HOLIDAY FICTION



WEIL'S ADVICE



HURRAH FOR THE BRA

OH CANADA!—AND OH, WHAT A WOMAN! FORMER MISS CANADA **DANIELLE HOUSE** IS A KNOCKOUT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. FIND OUT WHY IN THIS AWARD-BUSTING PICTORIAL

KURT VONNEGUT—THE GREAT COSMIC ADVENTURER HAS WRITTEN WHAT HE PLEDGES WILL BE HIS LAST WORK OF FICTION. DON'T MISS OUR EXTRAORDINARY EXCERPT FROM *TIMEQUAKE*

ANDREW WEIL—A BEST-SELLING ALTERNATIVE-HEALTH MAVEN HAS SOME POINTED ADVICE FOR MEN ABOUT FITNESS. ARE ABS SO IMPORTANT? IS MUSCLE MANIA HEALTHY? ARTICLE BY **DAVID SHEFF**

HOLIDAY FICTION—OUR LINEUP FEATURES LITERARY HEAVYWEIGHTS **JOYCE CAROL OATES**, ON THE RAUNCHY DEATH OF A MAN OF LETTERS, AND **THOM JONES**, ON A RIOTOUS VISIT TO A MENTAL HOSPITAL

COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—HUNDREDS OF TEAMS HAVE HOOP DREAMS THIS SEASON, BUT ONLY THE STRONG WILL SURVIVE. WHAT WILL IT BE? A WILDCATS REPEAT? A KANSAS KO? CHECK OUT THE FORECAST FROM SPORTS EDITOR **GARY COLE**

INSIDE THE MANSION—WHO BETTER TO GIVE YOU AN INTIMATE TOUR OF THE PLAYBOY MANSION THAN THE WRITING TEAM FROM *KING OF THE HILL*?

ROBERT DOWNEY JR.—CRITICALLY CHEERED AND PUBLICLY HUMILIATED, DOWNEY HAS HAD QUITE A LIFE. DON'T MISS HIS CANDID TAKES ON DRUGS, DIRECTORS AND THE INFAMOUS INCIDENT IN AN OUTRAGEOUS PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

CHRIS ROCK—THE *SNL* GRAD HAS A HIT CD (*ROLL WITH THE NEW*), A FAMED GIG (AS LIL' PENNY) AND AN HBO TALK SHOW UNDER HIS BELT. **NELSON GEORGE** ROLLS WITH ROCK IN THIS MONTH'S 20 QUESTIONS

RAP WARS—EVEN BEFORE THE DEATHS OF TUPAC SHAKUR AND THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G., THE RAP WORLD WAS DRIVEN BY VIOLENCE. WILL THE EAST COAST-WEST COAST WARS EVER END? AND WHAT DOES THE MUSIC HAVE TO DO WITH IT? **ALEC FOEGE** INVESTIGATES

PLUS: CATCHING UP WITH 25TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE **CANDY LOVING**, A STEAMY LOOK AT THE YEAR'S **SEX STARS**, AND A LINGERING LOOK AT THAT UPLIFTING UNDERGARMENT IN **THE HISTORY OF THE BRA**